



I warned him not to use that "Greasy Kid Stuff."



*"You forgot the flashlight,
the radio, and the aspirin."*



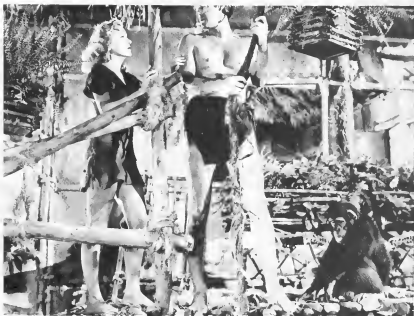
Is this any way to run a Jungle? You bet it is.



"It's two steps forward, and three back. Cha-Cha-Cha-Cha-Cha . . ."



"What did you expect, Mink?"



"And Tarzan please don't forget the Pizza Pie and the Garlic Bread."

BACHELOR TALK

by JAMES BELLAH



IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE!

Entirely too much balderdash is being foisted on the American public these days regarding society's relatively new invention, the family group. Sure, the idea's been around for a while as a matter of certain necessity, but if you want to check facts, the thing we deal with today in those terms is a product of the Troubadours who invented Love in the 10th century—more on that four letter word later.

The point is that we're so hung up and strung out about kiddie problems, teen-age traumas and old folks that we've all forgotten about the single guy or girl.

This is a normal human oversight considering the fact that kiddies and teenagers and—what's the new euphuism for old, senior citizens?—all form groups whether they want to or not. The singles, the pad dwellers, bachelors and bachelorettes are loners by definition. But there are a hell of a lot of them and it's high time we began to take an interest in them—particularly since *them* is *us*.

We are the singles and most of us like it that way. We are not necessarily a bunch of nuts who run around getting our jollies exclusively from stereo sets, sports cars or books that have a sex scene on every page. That's the greatest fraud ever to have been gobbled up by the American "reading" public since Uncle Benny's, "Poor Richard's Yellow Sheet."

First of all, let's define terms. Just exactly what is a single? Who is this dweller in the pad, this isolationist and nut who foregoes matrimony for a more free and way-out existence?

Bachelors (and that includes the ladies, too) boil down to two and a half types whether you pull in Webster or not.

FIRST: Someone who's never been married, but is out on his or her own. Usually, this character knows plenty about the opposite sex or can fake it. This is a pretty hip swinger, living in a single pad, dating, enjoying privacy when it's desired and company ditto.



SECOND: The post-divorce character. This one also lives alone either in a pad or in a house. These characters know even more about life and the opposite sex because they've already been through both a marriage and a bust-up. When it comes to sexual activity, both the men and the women in this group are inclined to chase too hard and dump even harder. These tigers and pussycats have been around, but like hamsters in a wire wheel, they tend to be a bit cynical and so rarely manage to get where they think they're going.

THIRD: This isn't a bachelor or a bachelorette—only a decimal point. This is the man or woman who's going steady (maybe even engaged) and, even though he won't admit it, marriage is going to take place as soon as the coast is clear. Let's let these "charming couples" join the club on a temporary or associate basis, but let's not elect any of them to the post of treasurer.

That's us—the singles—the pad dwellers—with our own pretty unique lives. And this is **BACHELOR LINE**, a column specifically for us. No pretence here to be a sob sister, male or female, and no desire to dish out saccharin-crusted *bon mots* in lace-lined spoons. Call this feature a mirror, if you like, but if you've got a gripe, question or statement, send it in.

Example—among the singles, life is usually a pretty full proposition, but there are times when old devil loneliness can become a hang-up. We all get around to it one way or another possibly because we don't plant the same kinds of roots that other people do. We travel looking for the greener grass and, let's face it, we're always interested in meeting new members of the opposite sex. The problem is Where?

Thus a little personal philosophy on where, when and how to meet people based on the vast experience of a professional bachelor.

The first obvious choice, of course, is where you work based on the idiotic assumption that the people you meet on the job share the same career interests. This is usually hogwash because that career goal may be nothing more than a weekly paycheck. Also, if you're a telephone lineman or a school teacher for the elementary grades, it can get a little ridiculous. Also, if you meet a compatible soul on a co-ed job you'll undoubtedly be subjected to shop talk on any date you make. You know—"the trouble with Willard in shipping is . . ." or ". . . does this company give you a pain, too?"

And finally, fiddling around with members of the opposite sex where you work usually has something to do with production drop-offs while hanging around the water cooler. It's a possible bet, but rarely a winner.

Consideration two in the *where* of meeting is right around the pad itself whether it be an apartment house, hotel or whatever. Advantages are that travel costs can be cut to the bone on a date and you never have to worry much about your phone bill while making one. Disadvantages are that very closeness, and personally, I hate neighbors on principal alone. They always manage to borrow my last

church key or to drop in just before a deadline with some sort of emotional problem that starts as theirs and winds up very definitely mine.

Groups are another modern device for meeting and the list of them is longer than the Monterey phone book. They go on indefinitely—constantly forming, adding auxiliaries and meeting at new locations. Group bonds range from religion to sport, from politics to hobbies, the arts—even a few wild kinkies we hear of from time to time in suburbia. All things considered, groups are pretty solid and comprise a legit way to meet people of similar interests, but the disadvantages are obvious. The interest is one dimensional and once you become a member you will have as many obligations as privileges.

An aside about the computers because they're a big thing now. And I speak to you in parables, saying the following is the truth and nothing but the truth, although not the whole truth because that would take a book. Out of three referrals to a computer, I met three women. Number one was in Alaska while I was in Los Angeles. Number two drank thirty bucks worth of imported gin, told me that horses were intelligent animals (fact is that they're even dumber than sheep because they work at it and the sheep can't help it) and number three raped me in a parking lot. That last wasn't so bad, but I own a Volkswagen and she's six feet tall.

Besides, computers are expensive. They run anywhere from \$200 to \$500 depending on how "marketable" you are. And—if you're marketable—well, you don't need the computers.


Night school is a good place to meet whether the class is for career improvement, mental exercise or handicrafts. Dances are grand, if you case the organization throwing them first. Friends of friends are a 50-50 proposition and hitchhikers should be avoided like the pox *not* because they rob or rape you, but simply because they are the world's worse bores.

On the negative side, bars head the list. First of all you are usually half bombed by the time Prince or Princess Charming walks in and second, if you do score, your only real rating is a 9.72 hangover and the full realization that you've turned the charmer of the night before back into the original toad.

Get acquainted clubs are medieval—no more on that—and so are all the other people and groups and organizations which promise Love. Remember, Love itself is medieval. It was invented in Provence in the 10th century, and has subsequently had such good PR that people even believe in it.

Now, you may think all this sounds cynical as hell, but it isn't, the facts are that loneliness is always a temporary disorder with a mean running time of about thirty minutes and ten seconds. Besides, if it extends beyond that limit remember that you've got a nice pad and you're a single. After all, you're supposed to treasure privacy above all else. Aren't you?

Got a question? Got a statement? Recipe? Gripe? Idea or plan? Send it in to **BACHELOR LINE**. We'll be waiting to hear from you right here—at the PAD. ■

If you haven't read Ruth's book, do. There's a happening on every page. And if you have, now read what she didn't say in a special scotch-over-rocks interview with PAD's editor. 

NORM: The title of your book, "MARRIED MEN MAKE THE BEST LOVERS," suggests that single men are inferior sexually. If so, why?

RUTH: Well, first I have to take issue with the word "sexually." I don't think lovers necessarily means just sexual lovers. The connotation in the book title and in the book refers to men as overall lovers, that is companions out of bed as well as in, and in this context yes, definitely, a married man makes a better lover.

NORM: Are you saying that a married man is more emotionally satisfying?

RUTH: Yes, absolutely. There are after all only three kinds of unmarried men.

NORM: What are they?

RUTH: Well one of them is the—well let's go back and assume the girl for whom the married man is the best lover is the girl like myself who has no desire whatsoever for marriage.

Starting with this premise we immediately eliminate the first unmarried man which is the rare one who wants to get married. There aren't many of those around, particularly over the age of say 25 or 30. Therefore that entire group is eliminated,

as far as I'm concerned. The second group is—in your phrase—the "scorecard lover," the sexual butterfly who flits from girl to girl, and to whom a girl is simple a name in his little black book.

NORM: A sex-object.

RUTH: An object with no identity per se, and this is the girl who, if she doesn't "put out," gets "cut off," or crossed off his list. And this is very bad for a girl's ego, particularly if she gets hung up on a guy like this, and here she is waiting for him to come to her in his book and waits for her turn. That's ridiculous! And then of course there's the third kind, the shnook who wants to play husband and he goes steady with you and moves in, so to speak, and you cook for him and you take care of him and play wife while you're comfortably supporting yourself—it's very cheap for a guy like this!



N O R M: And sometimes perhaps supporting him?

R U T H: Occasionally this happens too. Sure. And so under these circumstances you don't get any goodies out of an unmarried man.

N O R M: Well, you've done a beautiful job of uh—averting—my original question, and that is are married men *sexually* more satisfying than single men? You've added something which I didn't anticipate, but now I would like a direct answer to that question. Are they on the whole, better lovers, per se?

R U T H: Inasmuch as I have neither slept with all the unmarried men nor all the married men, I can't make an actual value judgment! I will say this—the guy who is married is more frequently better in bed simply because he has had more time to become adjusted to a woman. He recognizes the fact that each woman has specific things which satisfy her—recognizes the fact that he can't be all things to all women and does take the time with a girl to find out what she enjoys in bed and, therefore makes himself a better lover for her. The single guy frequently thinks he's God's gift to women simply because he is single and you have the feeling *he* feels he's doing *you* a favor by taking you to bed, and you're supposed to say "Golly! Thanks fella!" and he really doesn't care whether he's a good lover per se. You don't get a feeling of being loved or made love to as an individual, you're just a sex object and you don't get this with a married man. There's a great deal more affection and tenderness involved, I think, with a married man.

N O R M: Are you saying then, that for a woman, the emotional content cannot be separated from the sexual content if she is to be satisfied. He has to reach her on more levels than just the erogenous zone level.

R U T H: Yeah, it depends on what you mean by satisfied. Sure, she can obtain an orgasm with a good technician.

N O R M: A detensioning sort of thing.

R U T H: Yes—but she can do that for herself. She doesn't have to have a guy around for that kind of—detensioning. But for a really satisfying sort of relationship she has to feel she is being recognized as a total human being, not just as a female in which he's going to—release his tension!



**AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH
RUTH DICKSON, AUTHOR OF
Married Men Make
The Best Lovers**

NORM: I'm very glad we got into your interpretation of what you mean by "married men per se make the best lovers" because I'm sure you realize that most people who see the title will put on it a strictly physical connotation.

RUTH: Yes—but hopefully they'll read the book and realize I'm not just talking about the bed aspects of the relationship.

NORM: Very good!

NORM: Do you think that women are as puristically inclined towards the opposite sex as men are?

RUTH: No.

NORM: Why?

RUTH: Well, from a completely naturalistic point of view—taking it from the animal which I feel is the only way to handle a man is physically—physiologically—capable of impregnating a large number of women, and a woman can only have one child a year. So that her inclination—her natural, instinctual inclination is more towards monogamy than is the man.

NORM: Does this imply that a woman is more selective in her mate than a male is?

RUTH: Not necessarily. It's simple that she is more easily satisfied with just one, where a man, I think, *needs* more than one woman. A man is not by nature monogamous, and I think it's fruitless of any woman to try to make him monogamous just because she feels that way.

NORM: In Simone Beauvoir's, "The Second Sex," as I recall the book, one of her major premises is that for a male—female sexual relationship to be satisfying, the poles must switch. In other words, the male does to a woman or performs with the woman as if he were the woman, the recipient, and she in turn changes roles with him. She does or performs with him the way she thinks the male would like to be made love to. Do you think this is true?

RUTH: Yes, I think it's quite plausible. There's a thing in here of power. The woman in bed has got more power than at any other time in her daily

existence. I mean this is one time she's really got the guy by the *cajones*! And this is certainly a masculine viewpoint, the power thing. So yes, she has to feel masculine under these circumstances. As far as making love to him as she thinks he would like to have him make love to her, I don't think there's any more of that in that situation than there is in any other situation between these two people. If she loves him, she is going to do for him *whatever* she thinks is going to please him—in bed or out.

NORM: Do you think there comes a moment, a point, in the actual act of lovemaking in which all thoughts of roles—male, female—are transcended and the female forgets she's the female and the male forgets he is a male and they merely become fused in a mutually satisfying experience, and the stressing of "I'm a male and you're a female" is transcended, forgotten?

RUTH: Hopefully. Unfortunately, this happens rarely. It's very difficult, particularly in a non-permanent relationship for this to happen, because you're still at the point of trying to impress the other with your identity—you're still feeling each other out. It takes a long time between two people, I think, to reach that point where you are so completely in control of your knowledge of the other person that you can forget it and lose yourself.

NORM: Did you ever feel when you were the "other woman," envious of the wife?

RUTH: Not for a moment!

NORM: Why?

RUTH: Because she had all the things that I don't want any part of. This, I'm sure is a completely hedonistic point of view. But one of the things I'm alive for is pleasure. And the things that go along with wifehood give me no pleasure whatsoever. The business of the babies and the diapers and the marketing and the cleaning and the cooking and all that nonsense leaves me cold.

NORM: What about her

sense of security as opposed to the "other woman's" sense of precariousness regarding the male?

RUTH: Well, I prefer to build my own security than to build it on somebody else. I have my security inside of me, and I don't have any need to take on the identity of a man's wife in order to feel secure. I am I. I don't want to be Mrs. anybody. Part of me is my name. I don't want to give up my name and I don't want to give up my identity. I don't want to be known as "that man's wife." I want to be known as Ruth Dixon, human being, individual.

NORM: As the "other woman," did you ever have a sense of "putting one over" on the wife—looking at her as being a bit of a fool?

RUTH: No, I think it's likely some of my married lovers felt that about their wives. They were the ones who were putting it over—not me. I don't even think about his wife.

NORM: Did you ever experience any guilt for having an affair with a married man?

RUTH: No! It's his guilt not mine. He's the one who came looking for me. He's the one who was committing adultery, not I.

NORM: Did you ever feel you were undermining the marriage or perhaps, conversely, strengthening the marriage?

RUTH: Yes, there were definitely times I felt I strengthened the marriage. As far as I'm concerned, one of the duties of a good mistress is that she keeps in mind at all times that this man is married and she wants him to stay that way. The last thing she wants is a bachelor on her hands.

NORM: In your career as a perennial bachelor girl, do you feel that most of the men who came to you came to you for sexual reasons only, or emotional needs for gratification for what they weren't getting at home, or perhaps both?

RUTH: I would have to say that primarily the first reason they were attracted to me was for what I had between my ears,

and I don't feel this was a sexual attraction. Sure there's always sexual attraction because I am, after all, a female, and I would expect any normal man to react to me as a female. But I'm no gorgeous sexpot and I have found that my initial attraction is an emotional, mental, intellectual one rather than a physical one. Naturally, one would assume this were going to cross the line into a sexual relationship, but not always. I have many male friends whom are married with whom I don't go to bed, and they're happy with me and I'm happy with them for the kind of relationship that we have.

NORM: Do you think some of the reasons that you have gone to bed with married men can be categorized as the desire to be taken as an equal with a man? In other words, if what you say is true: that most of the men who were drawn to you were initially drawn to you not because of your physical charms, but because of your intellectual prowess, does that mean that at a point you felt a certain sense of equality with them?

RUTH: I think that's part of the reason. Because I insist, first and foremost in any relationship to be regarded as a human being first, and a female second.

NORM: You think that single men are inclined to approach you on the erotic level?

RUTH: Yes!

NORM: And then *maybe* the intellectual?

RUTH: Definitely. Because the main purpose a single man has in dating a girl in the first place is a sexual one. You very rarely find a single guy who is looking for a female intellectual companion.

NORM: Now when you say, "Married men are the best lovers," that's a terrible generalization. Can you stratify that in terms of age brackets? In other words are you saying *all* married men are better lovers, or certain men of a certain age who are married are better lovers?

RUTH: Ummm, well, it almost has to be an older married man. A man who hasn't been married from say seven to ten years isn't ready for a mistress. He's not—ripe yet. So he has to be a minimum of thirty if he's going to be married for ten years. If this makes him an "older" man, O.K. I think you can more stratify it in a societal manner rather than in an age manner. I think your higher income people who are inclined to be more sophisticated—whose wives are settled into everything that they've wanted out of marriage, and who have stopped growing.

NORM: These are the men you were drawn to?

RUTH: Yes — or who were drawn to me.

NORM: Do you equate money and power with sex?

RUTH: No, not at all. I simply have found that in the money-power group there are more married men who are in need of mistresses.

NORM: You keep talking about *their* needs, but what are *your* needs? Why do you feel this enormous allurements to the married successful man?

RUTH: Well, I am, after all, not eighteen years old. It takes something more than the pretty face with naught behind it to attract me, and I have become a little spoiled perhaps, certainly more sophisticated in my tastes. I enjoy going to nice places. I enjoy a man who knows his way around. Also the man who doesn't feel guilty that he's taking bread out of his children's mouths if he takes me out to dinner, and of course the kind of work I have always done puts me in contact with this group of men. I'm a snob, I admit that. I don't like the beer-drinking goons you find in the friendly neighborhood saloon. I much prefer the velvet padded sewers of up-town and I like the people that frequent them—this is assuredly snobbery, but this is where I feel comfortable.

NORM: As the "other woman" did you feel a sense of power over the male?

RUTH: No.

NORM: Did you feel in any way manipulative? That is—you were in charge of the situation rather than *he* being in charge of the situation?

RUTH: Well, I have to say that about any relationship that I have—I am a "take-charge" person. This is possibly one reason that I have not been happily married. I insist upon taking charge—generally because I am more equipped to take charge than the man I'm with.

NORM: Have you felt, as the other woman, generally superior to the male who courted you and sought your favors?

RUTH: No, I can't use the word superior. Nobody is superior on all levels. I think generally, in order to have a mutually satisfying relationship you have to have a great deal of mutuality and he would have to be, if not as strong as I, then superior. I would find no satisfaction in a man I felt I could run over; I don't think any woman wants that.

NORM: Ethnically speaking, were you drawn to particular types of married male lovers?

RUTH: No—I can't say that. I have been attracted to individuals. I think if you asked me I couldn't tell to which ethnic group any of my lovers belonged.

NORM: Have you ever been in love, in the romantic sense with a male, married or single?

RUTH: Of course.

NORM: Why "of course."

RUTH: Well, how would I know about men if I had never loved one?

NORM: Did you marry?

RUTH: Yes, I married a couple of 'em?

NORM: Both of whom you felt you were in love with.

RUTH: Yes, but I haven't married every man I've been in love with. As far as what happened is concerned, that's difficult to say, I think, having been stronger than both of these men, I simply emasculated them and was left with something less than a man, which made me less than a woman and com-

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Melody Horris discovered long ago
that often the quickest way to get
things done is to do it yourself.

**MELODY,
the do it
yourself
girl...**



Her car is a case in point. A girl who is as happy with a hammer as she is with a needle and thread—or knocking over pins, Melody taught herself to service her own wheels. Luckily one of our top shutterbugs happened to get gassed up in the same building. Daff that she is, she invited him to shoot her doing a lube job.



Although she digs the grease gun and, can drop a fly at 20 paces, she's anti-getting oiled up herself. In short, she's a feetotaler.



pad

THE MAGAZINE THAT SWINGS

Exclusive Interview
with Ruth Dickson
Author of:

Married Men Make The Best Lovers

THE GIRL WITH
THE \$150,000 BOSSOM
SEX BEFORE MARRIAGE
THE CALL GIRL, 1968

VOL. 8 NO. 10
OCTOBER 1968 75 CENTS



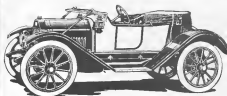


A model by trade, a discotheque swinger by night—she bowls on the weekends, she loves the single-life. But with reservations.





After 30 she wishes to marry. Says she, "The 20s should be a girl's play years. I figure, after a chick's out of her teens, it takes a good ten years of making comparisons before she can tell what kind of a guy she wants to make the kids scene with."



10 years. Hmmm-m. She's 21 now. That leaves 9 play years to go. That would be great except for the fact that she plans to spend most of them in Europe. Sorry, boys.





THE MAN WHO HAS IT MADE

He had money, looks, a creampuff job, and he balled more chicks in an average year than most men do in a lifetime. Then he met a swinger who made him drop his cool—and he wondered if he'd ever be able to pick it up again.

by NORMAN WINSKI

Drake McQuire awoke this Friday morning as he had been awakening every Friday morning for the last five years; luxuriantly content with himself and facing a day and weekend rich with sensate promises. His hand reached over and groped under the covers but did not make the contact he had expected. He turned on his pillow and shook the last vestige of sleep from his curly blonde head. Eve was gone. He smiled. In his mind's eye he could see her petite, round and nude figure stealing out of bed, tiptoeing into the bathroom for lustrations inside and out, noiselessly donning last night's party dress and fluffing off to her apartment where she would change for work. He smiled again, vividly remembering last night's forty minutes of pure, crazy animality. Eve really "swung" that time. Sweet as warm sherbet, that little doll. But he'd have to dump her. She was getting too serious. You take a girl out to dinner three or four times, slip it to her once or twice, and she thinks you're ready for the altar. "Not this cowboy, Eve, dear," Drake whispered to himself, flicking on the hidden stereophonic on his way to the shower. He was enjoying his free-wheeling and haremesque bachelorhood too much to have it cribbed by any one chick.

At twenty-seven Drake had ample reason for reveling in the single life he led. For, by all popular male standards, he had everything and more that a young man dedicated to tumbling every skirt that caught his fancy needed. For the past four years he had a new Jaguar each year, and how splendid he felt when, sitting crouched behind the wheel in goggles, car-coat and shiny black gloves, he saw envious male eyes and interested females acknowledging him flashing by. His apartment was eight stories above Washington Square in the Village, every detail of which juxtaposed to say to the captured female of the night, "Here lives a noble young stud who is hip and indefatigable." His liquor cabinet was always stocked with Johnny Walker, Teacher's, Grant's, Jim Beam, Black and White, and the refrigerator was never without a couple of six-packs. He belonged to three private key clubs, including PLAYBOY. By playing the market carefully but regularly he managed to amass eight thousand dollars in savings, and never had less than five-hundred in checking. In the summer he flew to California for the Monterey Jazz Festival. In the winter he skied in Vermont. He had been to Eu-

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rope twice and had visited in and seduced girls in every key city in the states.

On his person, wherever he went, he carried a Diner's Card, a leather-stitched half-pint flask of cognac—never less than fifty cash—his check-book, pills for any girl who forgot or was without a diaphragm, and, of course, his priceless ubiquitous little book of "dolls," that is, only "dolls who swung." There was no room for "dead beats" in his life. When he met a girl who would not have sexual relations with him after the second date he eliminated her from his life without the slightest hesitation or the remotest concern for tact or the young lady's feelings. Why should he when, through the instrumentality of his "cream puff" job as copywriter with a flourishing advertising agency, and his lean Nordic good-looks and all the other assets cited, why should he waste more time on an exploratory night or two with a chick when he met fresh ones every day?

To give some indication of just how choice his "treasure book" of tried and proven names was considered in his wide circles, one afternoon over a brandy floated two-hour lunch, he was offered, sight unseen, one thousand dollars by an account-executive with his agency if Drake would let him copy out the names and numbers from the book. Drake compromised and let him have half of the hundred and eighty-nine names and numbers of the girls he had slept with since he came to New York for five-hundred dollars stipulating that, if the girls refused to "put out" Drake was to be exonerated of all responsibility. "I'll supply the wood, partner, but you'll have to do your own chopping."

And what blooming or already fall-blown bachelor at heart would not be covetous of the superb symmetry of face and form of the girls and women that were so neatly jotted down in Drake's pleasure-ledger! Moreover his private directory of "swingers" reflected what must be considered an expression of Drake's highly democratic and catholic spirit, for it mirrored an utter disregard for distinction of race, color, creed or class. With the vantage position of living in America's still capital "melting pot"—New York—over the years Drake had slept with shopgirls, models, debutantes telephone operators, actresses waitresses, nurses and stewardesses from every conceivable ethnic group, including women of queer social or professional attachment, such as a sultry negress singer, two totally unintelligible Russian ballerinas from the visiting Bolshoi, an authentic English countess, call girls (who never charged him) and a professional Acrobat.

Sailing off of Puget Sound, golfing in Atlantic City, or pub-crawling in Manhattan with one or more of the half-score committed bachelors he knew, but in all honesty could not

say he felt close to, Drake liked to boast, and it was true, that since he left Yale and settled in New York, he had averaged three affairs each week; seduced one new female every two weeks; had never had to pay for more than two abortions (he knew at least five girls he had impregnated); had not had to masturbate once in six years; knew how to say "Will you sleep with me tonight?" in eleven languages; never wore a condom ("It minimized the kicks"); never worried about whether a woman did or did not reach a climax ("That's her problem"); never performed cunnilingus unless a woman executed fellatio first; had done everything there was to do with a woman; possessed one of the finest collections of pornographic art in the country; believed "love" was just a fancy sentimentalized synonym for sex, therefore never scrupled about saying "I love you" if he would implement seduction; and he thought children were "squares" and marriage "the last refuge of the hard-up."

Did Drake's voracious appetite signify a libido (sexforce) that surpassed the libido of most men? Knowledge of his background and rearing disposes of such an explanation in favor of the behaviorist's theory that "nurture not nature" makes the man.

Drake came from a seafaring family where the male was king and collecting seductions, along with drink, fighting and swearing, was considered an important part of being a man. Before Drake reached puberty he had grown accustomed to hearing his father, returning from an extended voyage as skipper of an oil freighter, brag to Drake's uncles and older brothers, after his mother had gone to bed, about the many different hued women he had "pleasured" away from home. Neither did it take an interpreter nor the slipped four-letter words to explain what his father meant by "pleasure;" the winks loud laughs and eloquent gestures told all.

When he reached his teens and discovered, via Hollywood, pot-boilers and the daily news, that his father's promiscuity was a vice most men admired he realized that to women his father might be a scoundrel, but to most men he was just behaving the way they would in his circumstances. Drake resolved to "outdo the old man" when he grew older.

Growing up in a gain-oriented society that has made "staying ahead of the Joneses" a national ideal, Drake found it easy to be dissatisfied with having just one girl. In other words, it didn't take Drake very long to understand that in a society that worships newness, conspicuous consumption and a Princess telephone in every room instead of a Queen, the more the merrier indeed—and especially the merrier the more Marys, Joanies, Sues, et cetera. By the time

Drake entered Yale he had already won the reputation of being a sexual athlete and spurred on by the exotic revolution that was—and still is—raging in all spheres of our society, and constantly fanned by the entertainment and advertising industries, Drake redoubled his efforts to become a modern day Priapus in a Brooks Brothers suit. That he succeeded is attested to by the fact that he is the subject of this study.

Drake had a private secret connected with his "doll collecting." One that the cronies to whom he delighted in graphically relating his erotic adventures would never have suspected, and certainly Drake would be the last one to share with them. Only the knowledge that he was being considered as a model of the ideal bachelor, and the gratification such knowledge apparently gave him, explains why Drake was so willing to share this and many other secrets with the author.

For at least three years Drake knew that about fifty per cent of the time he enjoyed the conquering, and the subsequent ability to talk about the conquest, more than the actual performing. Simply put, Drake derived more satisfaction from the "getting" than the "doing." It was the hunt, sighting of a target, the chase and eventual ensnaring that made his adrenals tingle, pulse rise and eyes dilate, not the plucking, tenderizing and routine partaking.

Because he did everything possible to squelch emotions and all potentials other than sexual ones from entering into a relationship with a female, inevitably and necessarily a short-lived relationship, and because for years women were only sex-objects to him, period—sex had become lukewarm and all too frequently boringly uniform for Drake, in spite of the variety of different females he bedded. He didn't afford a female the opportunity to reveal non-erotic dimensions and facets of her personality that, if he had, conceivably might have taken the routineness out of most of his affairs. He treated women like sex-objects devoid of feeling-needs and depth of character. Obliging, awed by his reputation as "the bachelor's bachelor" and an "arbiter of hip living" around town, the woman he made love to, not yet behaved as if they were just sex-objects, believing this was the secret of being successful in the "playboy and playmate world of those who think young" (even though you might be fifty and up). Understandably such indiscriminate delimiting and zoning off a woman's personality made her pretty much the same in bed as any other, and it was this sameness that diminished much of the savor of sex for Drake.

On three awkward occasions, with three different girls in bed, their features dissolved in the dark, each seemed so much akin in responses and motions to countless other women

he had seduced that he lost interest in his erection. When the surprised playmate solicited "the ball of Madison Avenue" for a reason, Drake laughed off the upset with one of his stock quips: "You know the old saying, doll, 'liquor provokes the desire but weakens the performance'."

But if the performance paled with repetition and multiplication of partners, the excitement and satisfaction of netting dolls commensurately grew. Grew to such dominating proportions that, by twenty-seven, conquering new women had become so deeply entrenched a pattern in his life that it colored all his waking hours, and could rightly be considered his raison d'être for living, as well as being the means that made him feel most like a man. It was clear to Drake that his record of seductions was the feature to his make-up that the men he came in contact with admired the most, paying scant or no attention to whatever else he was.

Few men had ever come as close to making a science of their modus operandi for uncovering fresh seduction prospects as Drake had. Like the professional wine-taster who immediately recognized a new wine in the vicinity of his nose, Drake had an equally infallible and uncanny knack for sniffing new and likely prospects. If he entered a cocktail party it was a matter of minutes before he had sized up which female's eyes favored his person. At work he had synchronized his coffee breaks with the period changes of classes at the art school around the corner, in order to look over and encounter any appealing students milling about outside. Religiously, he followed the trade papers of show business to know where and when engendered musical comedies were casting so that he could meet star-eyed hopefuls. He hawk-eyed every fashion show he could; read the notices in the paper announcing visiting socialites and where they were stopping; checked the dates and places of reunions of recently graduated college girls; investigated ladies conventions; cruised bas, train and air terminals for new arrivals eager for adventure; and never did he miss bargain day at Macy's basement nor fail to pirate from the teeming, shrieking throng a beautiful commodity that was not on sale.

These aforementioned forages after "new action" were in addition to his daily and more conventional shots at the models, secretaries and actresses he met through the channels of his agency job, the opportunities that presented themselves to and from work, and the bottomless flow of playmates that meander in and out of bars, restaurants and on the streets of New York. Rarely, in short, was there a day that Drake did not make some new contact with the opposite sex.

Let us return to the particular Friday with which we unfolded Drake's story.

After Drake had shaved, brushed his short-cropped blonde hair and slipped into his new blue striped seersucker suit, brought to striking life with a thin yellow knit tie on a pale blue shirt, Drake called the agency and told Jo, the receptionist—an extremely feminine lesbian whom he swore to "castrate" before the year was out—that he would be in about eleven. "I have to run over to Tele-Arts and see if they've processed that film clip on the Swan Lake Slipper commercial."

Actually Drake intended to duck into some quiet bar where he was not known, have several "recovery drinks" to settle his stomach, and map out the best strategy to use on the singer from the chorus of FUN-
NY GIRL he had met two weeks ago, dated once and discovered she was going to be "no pushover." They were dining early that very night, and he wanted to be razor-sharp for this unusually "tough cookie."

Laura was five-foot-six of "long flowing curves, and when she moved, her limbs and flesh seemed to whisper and hum with beckoning wonders and delights. And she had a sculptured, radiant face that made you think of champagne and undies as sheer as a blue fly's wings and as soft to touch as a squirrel." Laura, in short, was a beauty that few men in their lifetime have the good fortune to attempt reckoning with.

However Drake was no stranger to beautiful women and, as I mentioned earlier, regardless how beautiful the woman, if she presented undue problems in seducing, or if she was an outright "dead beat" he ejected her from his life as swiftly as a man disposes of a dull razor blade. What made Drake resign and steel himself to grappling with a quite likely drawn-out campaign in shattering Laura's defenses was the annoying fact that too many of his more formidable "competitors" had witnessed Drake labor at fishing out a date with Laura at the party where they met. Moreover, he overheard two young Wall Street brokers, who were constantly jockeying to outdistance him in conquests, lay a bet with a third man that Drake would never "turn that wise little trick." And to an old work horse devotedly plowing furrows in the ever-widening field of sex, their words were sharp kicks in the seat of his pride. Resorting to another metaphor, Drake's undefeated reputation as a heroic warrior in the game of love was at stake. And when we remember that "the game" was the motive power of his life, we can understand how unnerved Drake was by the prospect of not being able to prevail upon Laura. Otherwise, most assuredly, had he not overheard those baiting words he would have "dumped her" after the first date, just the way he had made up his mind to dump Eve that morning.

Pretending he "made" her wouldn't do either. For in the circles he moved,

where cultivating vices was considered a matter of protocol and the sign of "the hip," you could get "smashed" every other day—experiment with "pot"—say and do anything short of rape to outwit a woman into bed, all with complete impunity, but there was one unspoken but no less powerful taboo a bachelor didn't violate; you didn't lie about having had sex with a woman if you hadn't, not unless you wished to risk being stigmatized as a "paper tiger," that is, all mouth and no action."

And even if desperation could drive him to insinuate rather than actually say he made love to Laura when he hadn't suspected that if Laura ever heard about it, with her touchy New Englander's pride and damn ideals she would have absolutely no compunction about confronting him in public and causing a scene. And to the tacitly coded "club of tigers" to which he belonged, and was sometimes extolingly referred to as "the Pres," an accusation of having feigned a conquest, true or false, was tantamount to being guilty. For if alleged sex was taboo among the men of his world making a scene was the taboo of the playmates of his world, no playmate would do "such an unhip thing" unless she really had been wronged, that is, being reputed to have had sex with a man when she hadn't.

So Drake had one of two recourses to take with Laura. Either he alighted upon the right tact to kindle away Laura's chilling elusiveness or he would have to swallow his pride and concede defeat to any "tiger" who asked him if he had bedded Laura. The overheard bit was what made such a prospective admission so abhorrent.

In the cool, beery smelling world of a sidewalk floored bar on Sixth Avenue a few doors away from the stadium-hall sounding Forty-Second Street, Drake slammed three whisky sours into himself while ruminating his predicament. Suddenly what he considered to be the perfect approach came to him. His huntsman's sense of a near-kill began to quicken and he smiled. He knew that Laura had recently left her small role in FUN-
NY GIRL to concentrate on establishing herself in TV. He would use the old "I've got connections" stratagem on her which, because of his position at the agency, happened to be true. It worked on other would-be actresses why should it not work on Laura? He'd lay the groundwork for such a plan that night by taking her to the Theater Bar after the play, where he was sure to run into a producer, writer director or at least an actor connected with TV that he knew. Reassured that he had found the appropriate "speedway" to his much desired destination with Laura, he belted another drink and went to the office in time to take the new media girl to Sardi's for lunch.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60



THE GIRL WITH THE \$150,000 BOSOM!

"It's what's up front that counts,"
same Madison Avenue sage has
piped in heady warship of o smoke.

But by our standards, that boast
would make better sense if it were
applied to April Harris' wondrously
tailed mommies. You see, those
much close-upped mounds carry
\$150,000's worth of insurance in case

something beastly should happen to
them. April is one of the top bra and
cleavage models in the country. In
short, her celebrated orbs represent
her bread and butter—along with
her '68 Mustang, \$200 a month pad,
and just about every other luxury
a girl accustomed to being pampered
could want.





BOSOM!

Think not that a girl's bosom faces no dangers. There are plenty. Perils beset her on all sides, morning, noon and night. You might go as far as to say that a good pair of globes invites trouble. Double the hazards when they are as conspicuously out there in front as they are for April. Consider, for example, the too hastily closed refrigerator door during a midnight snack; eating a hot pizza in the nude; or being mistook for a flower by a bee. Yes, in the city or in the country, a beautifully bosomed babe bares herself to all kinds of pitfalls.





If, by dwelling on April's major frontal assets you assume we're not aware of what lies behind or to either side of this dandy darling, we protest, vigorously. Furthermore, we go on record in declaring, here and now that April assessed from any angle satisfies the most exacting of tastes.

We'll go deeper and say that the only abjection we have regarding the price tag she's placed on her balom is that she's unfairly discriminated against herself. For all of her is of equal worth.

THE GIRL

Tired of Being 'SKINNY'?

DRINK ON POUNDS OF WEIGHT FAST

—THE FUN WAY!



Gains of up to a Pound-A-Day proven by thousands

It's Here! It's Delicious! The new taste sensation "CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN PLAN" helps you drink on pounds... Up to A-POUND-A-DAY while you rest... Relax... watch TV. See measurable gains instantly and say goodbye to your skinny, undesirable Siring-bean body. NOW!

HERE'S LIVING PROOF IT WORKS—FAST!

USED WITH AMAZING RESULTS BY THOUSANDS OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN FOR MORE THAN 7 YEARS! NOW, YOU TOO CAN TAKE THIS GUARANTEED WAY TO BUILD UP YOUR CALORIC INTAKE FOR FAST AND SUBSTANTIAL WEIGHT GAINS!

gains 18 pounds in 14 days!

The "before" photo shows how Larry (Cheney) looked without the added weight he needed so badly. The "after" photo shows Larry 14 days after he started the Crash-Weight Plan and gained 18 pounds. He writes: "What more could a guy ask for? All I did was add 4 glasses of Crash-Weight Formula #7 to my regular meals, follow Joe Weider's Plan and I gained a tremendous 18 pounds in two weeks!"

SHOULDN'T THIS HAPPEN TO YOU?

gains 14 pounds in 14 days!

James Parker of Ft. Worth, Texas writes: "It's Fantastic—I went from 158 to 172 pounds in 14 days. Gained 14 pounds in 14 days and added 2 inches to my chest. I'm more than satisfied!"

WHY NOT YOU?



THE DO-IT-YOURSELF GAIN-A-POUND-A-DAY KIT!

This is a 1-day supply of Crash-Weight. Check out of weight, gaining nutrients that can increase the weight gaining barrier!



You want to gain a pound a day? Half a pound a day? Any! No! You just want to do it! Few pounds here and there? You want it easy... on appetite... without stuffing yourself and counting calories?—

NOW YOU CAN

It's simply wild... AND IT WORKS!

You too can follow this amazing Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan and drink on as much as a pound a day... to help flesh out your bones... fill out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms, and spindly legs. Skinny people are undesirable... they look sickly. Say goodbye to your spring-bean looks with this sensational new plan—NOW! No more bloating yourself with rich, heavy foods to force-feed calories into your system. No onerous, complicated exercises... just drink 4 delicious glasses of natural-organic Crash-Weight Formula #7 daily in addition to your regular meals. Follow Crash-Weight Plan as directed in the free booklet and you can drink on (in delicious, milk-shake tasting form) mixed with usual household food ingredients up to 3500 calories along with your regular calorie intake. Then, take it easy... while you relax, snooze or watch TV... this calorie-packed weight-training drink and the Formula #7 Plan does all the work, bring on weight for you.

● MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ●

Use the no-risk coupon below. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE COUPON!

JOE WEIDER with over 2,000,000 successful students. 531-32nd Street, Union City, N. J. 07087 Dept. 124-58G

Dear Joe:

I want to join the WEIGHT-GAINABLES. Enclosed find \$..... for your Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan which I have checked below. I understand your Money Back Guarantee applies only if I order my Plan through this coupon!

Check one of the Plans below:

- ☐ 7-Day Supply of Crash-Weight #7 Plan \$ 7.50
☐ 14-Day Supply of Crash-Weight #7 Plan \$14.95
 Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

JOIN THE WEIGHT GAINABLES! DRINK ON NEW POUNDS—FAST! SAFELY!

IN CANADA: Joe Weider 2875 Bates Rd., Montreal, Que.

\$150,000 BOSOM!



Like the month of fertility from which she derives her name, there's something about April that prods a fellow into thinking about the birds and the bees, ramps in the woods and the rapturous moments with nature. Yes, there's no doubt about it —whether we're discussing the

\$150,000 value of her jewels, the million dollar pillows in back, or whatever else about her you may favor, the praise that has been showered upon lovely fragrant April Harris is worth every inch.



SEX BEFORE MARRIAGE



What's really happening between guys and dolls before they make the "I do" scene? PAD tells it the way it is.

If loosening of old moral restraint has led to the deterioration of accepted traditions of sexual behavior, replacing them with the casual theory that sex is fun, sex is popularity and sex is status, it stands to reason that the new sexual rules and regulations which govern such tenuous relationships will be as easy to break as they were to erect.

In other words, the emerging moral code of our time is so loose, so flexible, so superficial, that it really isn't a code at all. From the old restraint of

"don't," we have suddenly switched to a permissive "do." Therefore, a code that has little more behind it than genital freewill, offers very little in the way of guidelines. In such a never-never land of sexual irresponsibility and make believe, make believe rules fairly cry out to be broken. Thus we are presented with a type of sexual anarchy, a sort of body exchange which allows the practice of any and all sexual behaviorist patterns.

Those who adhere to this type of non-code sys-



to indulge in the widest number of contacts. The other is more concerned with the method of stimulation. Its adherents are limited to those who will indulge in certain mutually satisfying acts and therefore, they make up a smaller group.

Although participation in the former group can lead to an interest in the activities of the latter, the main difference between these two categories of erotic hobbyists, is that the first makes a hobby out of sex, while the second indulges in specialized erotic hobbies.

This general grouping is mentioned here because it demonstrates how interest in sex has grown in the past twenty years. Previous to then, organized sex was limited to the whims of rich perverts or the brothel. Today, the organization of wife-swapping clubs and so called "bizarre" societies, is widespread and growing at an alarming rate. The reason for this growth can be attributed directly to the vacuum that has been created by the destruction of society's old moral values. For although we have rejected the old double standard as hypocrisy, we have not substituted anything like sexual responsibility for it. Instead, we have the no-code or the code of the films, advertisements and scandal sheets that equate sex with success and pleasure.

Brainwashed by this "you-too-can-be-beautiful-and-loved" barrage, people and, particularly, women, are beginning to cast off their old constraining inhibitions. More and more they are turning to sex as a means of fulfilling themselves. They regard it as emotional fireworks for two, as brilliant and exciting as the ads picture it, and they are indulging themselves in this parfait land of self-pleasure before marriage.

Because of the absence of restraint and the enticements of material pleasure they see all around them, urging them to "let themselves go," "be modern," "think young," they have patterned their new sexual ethics on the current criterion of today . . . is it pleasure? And if sex can bring pleasure, acclaim, popularity and adulation, it must be good.

Thus we see the formation of a new code of morals, based on fun rather than fear, and young women, newly emancipated from the tyranny of the man's world, are rushing out to take advantage of that commodity which man has been enjoying by himself for years.

These young women differ from their professional femme fatales of the *promiscuous breed*, in that they do eventually hope to marry. They are not career women. They are interested in security, home and a husband, but before they take the final vows, they want their fling, just as the men have been doing. Thus, they do not turn their backs on marriage, instead they have adopted the modern attitude . . . "why not allow a woman to sow her wild oats too?"

Here, in their outlook, is the greatest danger to premarital chastity. For while most women will not become promiscuous in the deliberate style of a Sonja or a Lorraine, they will probably indulge in premarital intercourse, particularly when they

tem, might be called erotic hobbyists, in that they believe sex should be experimented with, explored and studied, so that in a society where sex is the key to pleasure and personal fulfillment, full experimentation will assure the seeker that he is developing his sexual powers to the utmost.

Such experimentation, which some boosters actually term, "scientific research," takes two main avenues of approach. The first deals with people who are merely promiscuous, that is they attempt

have been told they are missing something if they don't. And anyone who does not see this message implicit in our advertising and in the type of people we revere as social celebrities, has his eyes closed.

Certainly, today's young women see it clearly. They have been told all about "variety being the spice of life," in everything from clothes to 57 varieties of beans, so why shouldn't they find out? With our old code of morality being discredited in books, movies, and even among clergymen, what is to stop them?

As a consequence, we are faced with a totally new moral environment, one that is based on a climate of permissiveness. In Sweden, where this liberalized view has been allowed to take hold, premarital sex, trial marriages and free love have been practiced for nearly 30 years. To us, it is promiscuity, to the Swedes, however, it is a natural outcome of a new moral code.

Because of sexual education and state sponsored contraceptive programs which include legal abortion, nursing and medical care for unwed mothers, sexual responsibility has been taken over by the government, and to the Swedes, this seems a normal function. It is efficient. It does away with criminal contraception, removes the onus from unmarried mothers and eliminates many marriages based on convenience and mistakes. But it must also be admitted that it is impersonal, dehumanizing and lacking in emotion.

While America's sexual turn of mind is not yet ready for such a system, the trend in our sexual behavior indicates that one may have to be adopted if we do not assume individual sexual responsibility for acts we so blithely enter into.

Among young women who have premarital sexual relationships, there are roughly three categories. Those who indulge out of love, those who indulge out of pleasure and those who actively channel all physical pleasure to provide sexual thrills.

By far the largest group of young women are in the first category. A deep emotion, whether love or merely tenderness, allows them to compromise their chastity. Usually, they will be engaged or going steady with the male to whom they surrender their virginity. But more than the presence of tender emotion, is the climate of permissiveness which says in effect, "it's all right if you love him," that is responsible for this growing rate of chastity taking.

Furthermore, a general watering down of love's requirements often tends to make such emotional needs increase. As a result, we frequently see the spectacle of the girl who "can't say no!" Perpetually in love, perhaps with love itself, and the romantic myths she has been brought up on, she succumbs to one man after another.

While it is true that many women who engage in premarital sex do so only with their fiances or future husbands, many of them use this merely as an excuse. After all, there seems to be a tacit acknowledgment among people that engaged

couples do have a sexual license before marriage. And a recent survey taken of engaged college coeds, revealed that fully 78 per cent had engaged in premarital sex with their boyfriends.

Of course, there are those who will say that this has always been the case, only polls weren't around to discover information. They may point to the "bundling" couples of old New England—Puritan New England at that—who upon engagement, slept in the same bed. But in those days, heavy bed-clothes separated them. They were usually fully dressed and they also had to contend with a small wooden partition strategically placed between them. Thus, their undoubtedly frantic squirmings can in no way be compared to the actual act of sexual intercourse participated in by a nude or semi-nude couple whose limbs and genitalia are unhampered or unrestrained.

The incidence of engaging in premarital intercourse for love, also brings with it a pernicious aftermath which has much to do with contributing to the second category of women we mentioned, those who indulge out of pleasure. This category contains women who, while using love as an excuse, have, from the first, believed in self-gratification of desires; and although discriminating in their choice of male partners, they have not fooled themselves into believing that the only reason they were agreeing to sex was because of their overwhelming love for their partner. Furthermore, although some do rationalize in this manner, a majority are honest enough to admit that they are neither consenting to coitus to please their partner nor to maintain a relationship that would otherwise flounder should they refuse. Among 300 women interviewed between the ages of 19 and 28, all of them unmarried, who admitted to having sexual relationships on a continuing basis with several men, only 81 offered pleasure of the male partner as their reason for saying yes. One hundred and fifty-six admitted that they were initiators as much as the males in their desire to engage in intercourse, and 30 stated that they always took the lead in making overtures, providing the male partner was sympathetic.

Nevertheless, this "honest category" which possibly represents the new emancipated woman's symbol of herself in matters pertaining to sex, is and will be swelled by those women who admitted to engaging in premarital relations only for love. For as they have repeatedly loved and lost, they can no longer rationalize their actions equating them with motivations of love. Even among those who steadfastly cling to the concept that they can only surrender to a person who expresses a desire to marry them or vice versa, even they must eventually realize the truth of their own intentions and desires after a parade of several sexual suitors. And it is a valid and significant comment on our own social/sexual standards of behavior that many women, today, can admit to themselves and others, that they no longer consider "love" as the only excuse for the surrender of their chastity.

Perhaps it is, at first, but the sexual act being

what it is, and the sexual laxness of our environment being what it is, there soon comes an awakening in most women that the idea of surrendering for love only, was more a bolstering of ego than a valid defense mechanism. In our new environment where sex is fun, pleasure and popularity eventually triumph over conscience, and although few women can completely put the feeling of guilt from their minds, they recognize that the need for self-gratification and belonging is sometimes more powerful and they accept it.

There are, however, a small group of women, those erotic hobbyists who indulge in sexual experiment for its own sake, who can and do put the guilt feeling from their minds, at least temporarily. Like all who practice sex to excess and indulge in bizarre practices merely for the thrill, whether they be male or female, these women are mentally disturbed if not morally adrift. Yet the very fact that they do organize for the purpose of indulging in such practices which include bondage, fetishism, sadism and group sexual activities, is another indication that this generation's preoccupation with sex is so obsessive and all encompassing that it tends to be unhealthy in many respects. There have always been people fascinated by the bizarre and the weird. There have always been perverted people, people who need psychiatric help. But never before in history have such people organized on such a scale.

While we have heard of wife-swappers or "mutual gratification" societies as they like to style themselves, many of those who join such clubs and groups are singles, or unmarried people. In the papers and journals that carry advertisements and notices for these devotees of debauchery, such singles will often advertise their wares in no uncertain terms, ending with the addition that: "three is not a crowd." This obvious reference to the fact that the individual is not averse to engaging in sexual intercourse simultaneously with a husband and wife team, is not lost on those who enjoy that sort of sexual recreation and the replies for the celebrated "menages a trois" far outnumber the offers.

A typical ad placed by one of these erotic hobbyists might read:

Young, goodlooking woman, intelligent, accommodating with love of the unusual and a need to find sexual fulfillment wishes to meet similar minded couple with interest in discipline . . . three is not a crowd.

Such an ad, in comparison to many, is rather tame. Others are more explicit, but it is not the purpose of this book to discuss the many reasons and ramifications of wife-swapping. Rather the fact that it exists and is a growing phenomenon in this country, is just another proof that our sexual standards of behavior and conduct are changing and changing drastically.

It might be said at this point, and justifiably so, that the erotic hobbyist and promiscuous individuals described in this article have all been women.

While this is true, there is a reason for this emphasis. In discussing any aspects of *Sex Before Marriage*, it must be borne in mind that men have always been for such an arrangement. In the past they had to persuade women to go along with them . . . "seduce" . . . was the word they used. But today, there has been a massive change in this relationship. Sex being freer and far more fetching than at any time in history, women are beginning to join men in their battle for premarital sexual indulgence. And while the majority of them may not be doing this openly, they are, at least, changing the role of orthodox seduction from a despicable act perpetrated by mustachioed dastards in black capes, to a routine, almost pleasant system of compromise, carried out by genial, well mannered fellows. In surveying the broad cross-section of women who engage in promiscuous activities before marriage, from the woman who succumbs for love to the woman who lives only to make love, we can see a definite trend in the new morality that is reshaping our sexual images and illusions. Whether it is for the better or worse remains to be seen.



A PAD IS



Where recreation can be a revelation ...



Where man does not live by bread alone ...



Where poolside romances start at a drop of a—



Where neighbors share your most intimate needs ...

NOT A HOME



Where on Sundays everyone finds his kind of peace . . .







**Who's
Afraid
Of
Virgin
Woolf?**



**my son
the
writer,
that's
who!**



My son keeps a scorecard and the name of the game begins with "S." Such a player! A chip off the old block—I thought. Then he meets a Delilah in a deli and she turns my gladiator-of-love son into a Samson—but it's not his hair that she mows, you can believe it.





My boy is one great kid with the words. Maybe you read his "I Married My Mother," "Sweet Sixteen," and "Backseat Snookey." You'd think that a boy who can write like that could take care of anything. But then he brings home Candy, the gumdrop he met in the deli, and she floors him—and not the way maybe you think.







It turns out that Candy—what can I say?— is like a Hershey bar that's never been unwrapped. (Herman thinks he can make with the images!) But hershey bar sez she thinks the time has arrived. After she revives Herman with a slug of scotch my boy sez he ain't in the education business, and the sparks then start to fly ...













But my boy has a big heart and an even bigger respect for the unexpected rising, and class is in session. Everything ends like in one of Herman's books—"a climax on every page." Herman discovers Candy is dandy and he invites her to come again—like tomorrow. Moral: "When the pupil is ready the teacher will appear . . ."

SATISFY YOUR WIFE

Is she frustrated because your climax comes too fast? In the Harrowing booklet a doctor tells how easy way can help delay climax, prolong pleasure, satisfy wife; also then thrill with sensations you evoke in her, desire you more often. • importance of sex relations • health effects • sex techniques • love scenes • how to make erect organ bigger, stiffer, harder • how to move it for clitoral arousal • how to achieve mutual fulfillment. **Admission only.** Just write "Send SR, I'm over 21" and send with only \$1.00 (COD) for your revealing essay. Plain, sealed wrapper marked "Personal". 10-day return privilege. Don't miss it. Order NOW! Freshwell Co., Box 83-5 Box 1209, Union City, N.J. 07087

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MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS
The great crippler
of young adults
Send gift to MS
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Automatic Savings is Sure Savings
.. U. S. Savings Bonds ..

Party Girl
Hi Honey, I'm Wendy I came full life size, 5'4" and measure 36" 22" 36". I'm the newest party sensation I call my exciting game "Holly Wood Go-Go Girl". Try me I've got what it takes to have a sensational good time and I'll prove it to you. I'd love to live with you and I'm got some personal attractions that I'll reveal to you as soon as I arrive. Please send for me I come in plain wrapping and I'll send your money back if you are not thrilled.

- ☐ \$3 for 1 Party Girl
- ☐ \$5 for 2 Life Size Girls
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Temco's TT-1 primary jet trainer is a tandem two-place jet recently released by the Navy for civilian use.



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PADS ON WINGS

by
KIRT VON HAUSEN

Come Josephine in my flying machine and we'll swing. But look out for the birds, air pockets, lightning and the pilot—especially when he put the plane on remote control.

Not too long ago the mark of the really adept man-about-women was the yacht or cabin cruiser owner. The price of these toys alone more than set apart the high-minded male from his less wealthy peers. And although stories abound concerning the sordid pleasures

of these ocean going Lotharios, their ships served more as an enticement than a concubinal canoe. The quarters were more often than not too cramped and the menu of entertainment was limited.

In recognition of the above and the fact that the jet age is upon us, the sea going



Even a "beater" on Edo floats enables the intrepid pilot to land anywhere there's smooth water.



The cloth moth variety of aircraft bring the cost of flying within reach of just about everyone.



The famed North American P-51D is more than enough airplane for any girl, and for any guy when you come right down to it.



swinger has switched ships. Instead of the sloop he now has an aircraft with which to impress his bevy of full breasted beauties. After all, now many eager loined love-nes would rather "fly in your beautiful machine" than have their blonde tresses turn green from the salt spray?


And in the end the results are the same; although usually in more comfortable quarters hundreds of miles from home than in a narrow bunk on the rolling seas.

Should there remain any doubt in your minds, that a great deal more can and does happen in the wild blue yond-

er besides ducking birds and going loop the loop, consider Hugh Hefner's personal DC-8 and Frank Sinatra's Lear Jet. Both are equipped in the grand style of a luxury hotel complete with bar and fold out double beds. Reputedly, the Federal Aviation Agency has on record a request that seems rather strange until you examine the reasons behind it. It seems that somebody requested type certification for seat belts to be installed on the floor of Mr. Sinatra's plane. When the FAA questioned the purpose of the seat belts they were told that Mr. Sinatra wanted them installed so he could be lying down during take offs, landings, and turbulent weather. The FAA denied the request, but belts or no it isn't too difficult to imagine the possibilities behind the request.

Of course you can count the numbers of those who are equipped with such exotic bedrooms in the sky in short order. The Hefners, Sinatras, and Autrys serve as the pinnacles of a very enviable minority and imitate them as best you can. As usual the only real difference is money. And so the less you have, the smaller your "beautiful balloon." Remember even the guy with the row boat once stood a better chance than the fellow with no boat at all. So, as you scale down the economic measure of success you find the greatest number of high flying body snatchers in the upper middle income group.

And since they can ill-aff-



ford the million dollars to outfit themselves with a Lear Jet or Douglas DC-8, (used of course), they invest in the smaller, less expensive, propeller driven aircraft. Modern aviation technology has advanced the state of the art to the point where just about anyone can safely handle this type of airplane. And so the would-be sky swinger need only spend about a thousand dollars for his flying license enabling him to soar and score with the best of them.

A prime example is Piper Aircraft's Cherokee line. To the average person who thinks that light planes are made from wood, wire, and cloth, the Cherokee series will come as a bit of a shock. The Cherokee Six is of all metal construction, equipped with a 300 hp fuel injected engine, and has a maximum cruise speed of over 150 mph. The interior of this seven place aircraft is finished in a style equal to anything offered by Detroit's auto makers. The maximum cruising range of the Six is some sixty miles shy of the thousand mark, more than sufficient to wisk that little lovely far from the prying eyes of friends or disgruntled husbands. And if your budget won't permit the investment of the 10 to 15 thousand dollars to buy one of these beauties, you can always rent one for only about \$2.00 per hour including fuel, etc. That puts flying well within the range of the upper middle income group.

For those who wouldn't

think of driving anything slower than a Ferrari 250 GT the Navy has recently released their Temco Jet fighter-trainer for use by general aviation. There are no frills on this one, just functional equipment, allowing for a maximum cruise speed of 345 mph and a maximum diving speed of 518 mph. That ought to provide a thrill or two for the speed happy lass in search of some real action. The service ceiling for Temco's TT-1 is 32,000 feet requiring the use of oxygen equipment for both passenger and pilot. Fully aerobatic; the TT-1 will fly in any position you're brave enough to try and is guaranteed to keep that calloused young lady in the back from nagging at your style. More than likely it will take a couple of hours and several double scotches before she recovers from the first ride, but it will be worth it, Ace. All the way. Oh, the price tag for this little nipper is only \$40 thousand.

Another fun machine is North American's P-51 fighter. This fabled Mustang has been called the ultimate in propeller driven aircraft. During WW-II P-51's out shot and out flew the best Germany could send up. Perhaps the most photographed of all fighting airplanes the model F-51D was equipped with 1,650 hp Royce Merlin engine and a two stage supercharger. The huge four blade propeller swings in an 18 foot arc and accounts for the unmistakable whine which is the mark of the Mus-

tang. The model F-51H, powered by a 2,000 hp engine, has a maximum speed of 490 mph and can climb to 42,000 feet. During the Korean War the P-51 was the only prop driven fighter to successfully engage the Russian MIG 15 and is currently in use for ground support operations in Vietnam. Several of these fantastic airplane are for sale and run anywhere from \$10 to \$100 thousand depending upon condition, equipment, etc. No matter what the cost, the P-51 remains every bit as impressive as when it first appeared late in WW-II. And even if the object of your affections is too young to remember World War II, the Mustang is more than enough airplane for any girl. If for no other reason, its lines are sexy and it's all airplane.

On the other end of the scale there are airplanes which just about anyone can afford. For the price of a new Volkswagen you can pick up a pre-war vintage aircraft which will cruise anywhere from 90 mph to 120 mph and has a lot of air hours left. In many respects these older airplanes are more fun to fly than their modern counterparts. Aside from sheer economy of operation, these little cloth moths as they are called, allow you to open the windows on those warm summer evenings and feel the wind in your face and even yell at your friends on the ground. It may not be as impressive as a jet but it's still flying and after all, that's the name of the game. ■

pletely destroyed the marriage.

NORM: Is this suggestive of a pattern in your relationship with males? Do you find yourself more generally attracted to the weaker male or the stronger male?

RUTH: Well, I think I used to be attracted to weaker men, but I don't think I am any more. I think probably I've outgrown this and proven what I was apparently unconsciously trying to prove—that I was as good as a man and I was gonna show everybody. I don't think I have to do that any more.

NORM: You are obviously a woman who's given a good deal of deliberation to the nature of love, and we are both aware that philosophers, metaphysicians, and psychiatrists for centuries have been trying to define love. Do you have, for PAD's readers, some sort of working definition of what love is to you?

RUTH: Well, that seems to change, with the changes in me. I used to think love was find-

ing somebody I couldn't live without. I think now I've reached the point that love is finding somebody I could live with! I think it's a matter of a person fulfilling the needs of his or her partner—and these are needs on all levels—certainly sexual, but that's only one of many needs. And I think if you find a person who meets all or most of your needs, then you're in love.

NORM: Does that mean you are also conducive to fulfilling his needs.

RUTH: Yes, of course.

NORM: If married men make the best lovers, why are there so many sexually frustrated wives?

RUTH: Well, I have to think that it can only be their fault—the wives' fault. Almost invariably the men with whom I have "consorted" have been men whose wives are no longer interested in sex or never were really. These are wives who still maintain the puritan standards who wouldn't think of doing anything that their grandmoth-

ers didn't do in bed, who don't have any joy in sex. The husbands of these wives are looking for excitement in bed.

NORM: Kinsey, in his **SEXUAL BEHAVIOR OF THE AMERICAN MALE**, estimates that every other male over 50 is engaged in an extra-marital affair. Do you think that's a realistic statement?

RUTH: Oh, I think that's very valid. But I don't know why he makes the demarcation at the age of 50. I'd say that every man who has been married ten years or more is very likely engaged in an extra-marital affair, or is going to any minute, or has just had one.

NORM: What is the reason for that, Ruth? In your opinion.

RUTH: Boredom. Plain and simple. As I said earlier, man is not meant to be monogamous. And any guy who has put himself into a monogamous situation, arbitrarily let's say 10 years, is going to try and break out of it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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She may moan and sigh, Mr., but they are not necessarily sounds of pleasure. 

The is a woman of mystery, a sensual aristocrat, a glamorous daughter of joy.

At least, this is the public image she projects. But beneath that Charles of the Ritz exterior, there is a flaw. At a point somewhere deeper than the cleavage of her Dior gown—and much more revealing—lies the real call girl . . . a mass of contradiction and self doubt.

Famed among prostitutes, she supposedly dispenses the ultimate in sophisticated lovemaking, is given credit for being extremely knowledgeable on a broad range of conversational subjects and can thrill a man like the courtesans of ancient Greece. Yet, she is frequently crude, often intellectually dull and almost universally frigid.

Although she is considered chic and daring, with an apartment that reflects expensive tastes and a salary that averages a high \$20,000 per year . . . tax free, most of this goes to support an army of parasites who literally bleed her dry. She has been envied and secretly admired by many chaste women. Her life has been rhapsodized over and even eulogized by authors and Hollywood motion picture moguls; yet these are the very people who know the least about her.

First and foremost, hers is a shadow life and a very precarious one. The men who believe they are going to experience the height of erotic abandon in a woman who will "really" make love to them, are only deluding themselves. They do not understand that the call girl is not making love, but rather manufacturing it to order, dispensing it for a price geared to a certain time schedule, and that she feels absolutely nothing as she goes through the motions, despite the sighs and the moans.

People who envy her material possessions, her opulent wardrobe, expensive furnishings and her round of table hopping at smart, sophisticated supper clubs,

do not realize that she is forced to pay more than the going rate for these frivolities. Her public image is only an illusion—the surface portion of her profession—the dazzle that obscures the self debasing constrictions of the gray world in which she lives.

The latter is an existence that, fortunately, few of us will ever know. It is peopled by under-world characters and their fringe allies, demanding parasites who prey on the call girl and drain her financially as well as emotionally. It is the domain of the pimp and the procurer, the madam and the syndicate. It feeds on dope and self debasement, chronic depression, fear of legal retribution and the knowledge that despite the veneer sumptuousness of the life, society frowns upon pay-for-pay morality and the girls, despite their bravado of denial, worry about it.

Anxiety at being discovered by their families, haunts these women. Fear that they may never know a legitimate relationship with a man outside "the life" constantly runs through their minds. Though they perform with abandon and usually will do anything for a fee, they are hounded by the thought that there is no place else to go. Thus, few fight their environment. Fewer escape, and the ever growing list of call girl suicides only reinforces this attitude.

Practically without friends, a loner, almost a prisoner of those who prey upon her, the call girl's only recourse is money. It is her god. Yet she is, in fact, one of the most exploited humans on this earth, a sexual automaton whose active life is limited, one who functions on cue, showing one face to her customers and hiding her true feelings, even from herself.

What does the call girl think of her clients? And what does the client think of the call girl?

To the girl, her client—if he is a good customer—may or may not be a sympathetic individual. She may, if she is not hostile toward all men, as some call girls are, genuinely commiserate with him and his problems. But whatever the call girl feels toward her



THE CALL GIRL, 1968

Johns, she does not feel sexual attraction. Ninety-nine per cent of them are completely detached from their sexual relationships with their clients and that fraction which may involve themselves in affairs outside of business, only prove the rule by doing so.

Another question asked of call girls most frequently is: What kind of men come to see them?

Speaking from a financial standpoint, the prices charged by call girls would rule out the lower income groups. Yet one call girl informed me that she had indulged in relations with men whose employment ranged from gas station attendant to the president of a nationally known aircraft corporation. Furthermore, these men provided a various cross section as to personality, sense of humor, appearance, personal cleanliness, intelligence . . . in short, in attempting to typecast them on the basis of criteria

which most of us use to categorize people, they appeared to represent the national average.

Aberrants aside, the majority of them did not have a peculiar need for a particular type of sexual stimulation. Although there were fetish minded Johns, perhaps to a larger extent than one would find among men who do not patronize call girls, this could be because, as one girl put it, "when they are alone with me and know what I am and what I have a reputation for performing, my Johns, unlike men on the outside, will let down their hair and ask, frankly, for a certain practice on my part. After all, they are paying for it!"

Be that as it may, the call girl's clients did have one thing in common, their lack of knowledgeability in matters pertaining to sex. As a group, they tended to be unsure of themselves and inexperienced, and this characteristic was attributed to men who had patronized call girls steadily for several years.

But if the call girl had no illusions as to the prowess of her Johns, this feeling was not reciprocated by them. To the Johns, the call girl was many things. First and foremost she was a Sex Goddess, erotica incarnate, every

sensual notion they had ever entertained all personified in the body of a female. And among these notions were many myths and misconceptions . . . that the call girl was insatiable, that she was a nymphomaniac, that she couldn't get enough and that she loved, to the point of insanity, what she was doing.

It is obvious, just from the mention of these preconceptions, that the average call girl client would probably possess very little knowledge about sex, burdened as he was and believing in such mythology. In fact, from interviewing girls in the profession and those few clients who consented to giving us their views, we came to the conclusion that for most clients, the image of the call girl and their anticipation of what would transpire once they were alone with her, served as stronger stimulation and was much more satisfying, than what actually did take place. In other words, coitus when it was finally indulged in, was almost anti-climactic. Thinking about having sex with the call girl was more enjoyable than actually performing various acts.

This attitude, this sense of anticipation, if it is true and it seems to be a valid conclusion, does much to explain why men visit call girls. If nothing else, they imagine that the call girl can miraculously provide them with pleasure. If they've had a bad day at the office or at home, the call girl can boost their ego and make them take pride in themselves, not so much by giving them physical relief which may drain, temporarily, their nervous energy, but by creating the illusion, later expressed in reality, that a beautiful woman is consenting to have sexual relations with them. Even though they are paying for it, this still comes as a spiritual lift. Beautiful women being what they are and sex being what it is, the combination of both can frequently override the sense of having to pay for praise, and does, even if it is only for a little while.

There is no doubt that the client realizes that his interlude is brief, a temporary stop-gap, a

pickup to bolster his flagging spirits. The call girl knows this too, but as he looks forward to this respite from a tyrannical boss, an avalanche of bills, an uncompromising wife, sheer loneliness or a desperate need for recognition, the John undoubtedly feels it is worth it, particularly as he anticipates it in his mind. Later, during the act and after it, he may feel little else but physically and financially drained, but as he thinks about what will take place he is excited, his other worries are pushed to the back of his mind and he concentrates on the call girl and what she symbolizes . . . uninhibited sex.

Imagination is a vivid and versatile tool and when it is heightened by expectancy it frequently is even better than the real thing. When it is boosted by the sexual urge it becomes all absorbing. Many of us have experienced similar expectancies . . . the majority, of them having nothing to do with sex . . . a vacation, a crucial ball game, even an election . . . and the sense of excitement in looking forward to such events was often more stimulating than participating in or viewing them. In the call girl's case, she plays upon her client's anxiety. A skilled and consummate actress, she not only makes him feel that she is only waiting for him to say the word before she hops into bed, but is able to parade her physical charms in such a manner that he invariably can't wait to say that word. Thus, she draws from her client's own world of fantasy. In some, this fantasy is so bizarre that it must be manifested and gratified by bizarre and abnormal acts; in others—the majority—it merely serves to whet the appetite.

The following is a composite sketch of how appeal to anticipation and the imagination is put to use.

The John, we'll call him Richard Roe, arrives at the call girl's apartment. He is a habitual customer of the girl, Marie, a tall, voluptuous brunette who specializes in lace lingerie erotica and charges fifty dollars for a short date.

Marie opens the door clad only

in a sheer peignoir which reveals some black lingerie beneath... a tight-fitting black corset, silk stockings, garter-belt and high heels, standard costume for this sort of routine. Catering to men like Richard, Marie has found it beneficial to foster the illusion that she is some sort of European noblewoman. She affects a heavy, non specific accent that could be anything from French to gypsy. She frequently strikes poses usually seen in girlie books and, curiously enough, high fashion magazines. She is a little bit of every erotic cliché ever conjured up, but her general demeanor only serves as a catalyst to her John's imaginings. A shrewd businesswoman, she lets that do most of her groundwork for her, exciting by subtle hint and innuendo.

Although Richard has visited Marie a number of times in the past, and has come away somewhat empty in that his physical relief did not quite come up to his illusory expectations, he has, nevertheless, returned again and again. He does not realize that it is his own imagination that prompts him to visit Marie, and every time he is rebuffed at home or at the office, this imagination conjures up a world presided over by Marie, where he is invariably master, where he is triumphant rather than vanquished, whatever the situation is. And to substantiate this feeling, Richard always turns to his call girl dream girl.

Marie knows this intuitively, and takes advantage of Richard's longings. She knows he is a draftsman for an electrical company, that he is married (90 per cent of call girl clients are) that he has two children and that his wife is very orthodox in bed. She may be the type who is passive. She may be the type who will not caress her husband's body either manually or orally. She may object to making love with the light on. She may be adverse to allowing Richard to see her nude. She may not wish to take nude showers with him or make love in any other place but the bedroom or at any other time of day but the evening. She may be one who does not speak during intercourse, neglecting to tell her hus-

band what she wants. She may have other shortcomings, like rationing lovemaking to once a week or twice a month and then only at a predetermined time. On the other hand, she may be very accommodating, but Richard may have had a quarrel with her over finances. The reasons why men visit call girls are many. Marie has heard enough different ones to fill a book, but unlike their wives, she is attentive to her clients' wishes and does everything she can to please them.

In this case, she is aware that Richard has strong voyeuristic tendencies. He enjoys gazing un-interruptedly at women in the nude or semi-clothed. He likes to fondle and look at them and have them admire themselves before indulging in coitus and Marie has designed the next few minutes to take advantage of Richard's desires.

Greeting him at the door with a familiar pat and a kiss, the uninformed observer would think that here was a man coming home to his wife in an Italian movie. Marie has the Sophia Loren look and is wearing the continental boudoir accoutrements, complete with all the standard trappings. She sits on the couch with Richard and after helping him to remove his jacket, shirt and shoes while soothingly cooing in his ear and nipping him lightly on the neck and ear, she strokes his sexual organ through the cloth of his trousers.

Meanwhile, she has been disrobing, slowly, carefully, certain to give Richard the maximum looking time at her generously endowed body. Her sheer gown has fallen off. She has giggled and wiggled as the client removed her corset. Unhooking her brassiere with a dramatic snap, she allows it to softly fall away and then cups her breasts suggestively, holding them out to a John whose imagination has gone over this scene many times.

Richard is soon nude and Marie nearly so. She leads him into the bedroom clad only in her panties and when she squirms as he removes them, displaying her thighs, buttocks and pubic area prominently, Richard is ready to

consummate the relationship. After some ten minutes of prolonged loveplay in which Marie actively addresses herself to her client and Richard assumes the passive role so often taken by his wife, the two have intercourse. A few moments later, Marie gets Richard a drink of good brandy (an extra which she dispenses to promote the illusion that the interlude has not been a business one) and he pays her. The whole transaction from the time Richard walked through the door to the time he leaves, takes less than one hour.

If they are first customers, Marie usually takes her fee in advance, but she does it in a rather subtle way, usually indicating an open purse, price having been agreed upon over the phone. In Richard's case, however, his being a steady customer precludes her actually asking for payment. Richard knows her fee and on the way out either drops it in her purse which she leaves near the door or thrusts it between her big breasts.

Being earthy and attractive in a Junoesque way, Marie also caters to the more unorthodox customer. She and a blonde girl will often give lesbian exhibitions for the client who requests it. These are pseudo-sexual, in that the girls never experience any real stimulation in the presence of a client. The explanation of this type of extreme voyeur request is that the John is, according to Dr. F. S. Caprio, a latent or unconscious homosexual, and this aberration finds expression in viewing relations between two women. Another is that men suffering from extreme sexual hallucination find it difficult to confirm their illusions about lesbians as being true, unless they actually see women thus aroused. Observing normal heterosexual intercourse is unacceptable to them and because there might be greater temptations to homosexual excitation at seeing the other male, they find it easier to witness the excitement of two females. Finally, after witnessing this exhibition they prove their own masculinity by going to bed with both of the girls. However, according

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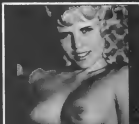
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THE MAN WHO HAS IT MADE CONTINUED FROM 25

He left the office early and went home to re-shave and change into a dark suit. He was now inching through soupy Riverside traffic heading in the direction of Laura's apartment.

Their date was for seven and he had an hour-and-a-half to bide his time. He wanted to park the Jag a few blocks from her building, drop in somewhere for a couple of stiff ones and then maybe take a stroll. He was edgy again and needed time to relax.

Just when he had regained his confidence by evolving what he deemed to be a surefire angle on Laura, the media-girl he had taken to lunch knocked the pins out from under him again by remarking that she thought he was in his early thirties instead of being twenty-seven. To a man whose looks have opened up so many boudoir doors the slightest detraction or questioning of them posed a serious threat to the pivotal-point of his existence: women. That the media-girl may have been paying him a compliment, since many women do find older looking men attractive, never occurred to him. It never occurred to him because somehow in his mind good looks and everything

wonderful had become identified not only with "the young at heart" and "those who think young," but with those who look young as well.

Now that he thought about it, the unconscious worship of youthfulness was one of the glaring characteristics of his bachelor world. Why else did the men and women he knew, regardless of their age, sprinkle their dialogues so heavily with teenage slang, or lie about their age? Why else did they wear tight fitting clothes that only looks good on young slender bodies, or make more fuss over "naughty girls" than the good ones? And wasn't their glancing preoccupation with four-letter words reminiscent of the days when they thought "talking dirty" was a part of being grown up? Drake suddenly felt disloyal to the set to which he belonged for questioning their motivations this way, so he hurriedly stifled any similar thoughts from forming. What he wanted to think about was getting a drink post-haste, or anything else that might remedy his bruised ego before "round number two" with Laura came up.

He had had only one drink in a dingy bar two blocks from Laura's apartment but he had to leave and



"I'm putting you on a strict diet, Miss Peters, no men for 30 days!"

find another one; the preponderance of disheveled, grubby and pensioner-looking types in the place was making him feel fifty not twenty-seven.

When he stepped outside he saw a sight that instantly made him feel better. Leaning against his Jag, and petting its nose as if it were a giant black cat, was an olive skinned girl in her late teens or early twenties, very happily "potted" and very, very fetching in a "whorish" way. She wore a brazenly short black mini that made every ample curve vie for attention. Wild dark hair tumbled about her shoulders. All in all, she looked like "a hooker" from the East side out on a spree, who would do anything for the right price or, if she were in the mood, just for the hell of it. At this particular moment after Drake finished bandying flirtatious words with "Erma," she drunkenly told him that if he would give her a ride in his "beautiful cat" she would take him "for a ride" in her room not far from where they were standing. Drake glanced at his watch. He still had an hour and fifteen minutes before picking up Laura. It would be tight but he could still make it if he didn't "waste time fooling around." And how could he pass up such an opportunity to tell "the boys" a story that would have them laughing for weeks? Imagine "turning a trick" one hour before picking up another girl! Would this make his rating as "a tiger" go up? Without any further ado he ushered Erma into the car for what he planned to be a five-minute spin around a few blocks.

"Round two" with Laura was about to begin.

He was standing outside Laura's apartment a trifle breathless but nevertheless eight minutes earlier than his appointed hour. He felt great. The "quickie" with Erma put him right on top of the world again. Somehow, after Erma, seducing two in a row didn't seem at all implausible. Drake pushed the buzzer again.

Laura cracked the door open just loud enough to permit him to see her pale, finely chiseled features. The expression on her face instantly wiped the smile from his own.

"What do you want, fink?" Her voice was pure ice.

"What's wrong, doll?" he mawkishly asked, making a move as if to push the door open and enter.

Laura slammed the door shut then open a few inches again. Through the visible space, to his dismay, he saw the night-chain go on. All Drake could now see was her gorgeous mouth and flashing eyes.

"Didn't it ever occur to you, stupid, that I just might see you picking up that poor potted Puerto Rican kid, being only a couple of blocks from my apartment? Well, I did, baby. You've got some nerve sniffing around here after that little scene. What do you think I am, anyway?"

All Drake could think of was what "the boys" would say if they ever discovered that Laura had bailed him out in the hallway like some obnoxious peddler. "Let me explain, honey," he piteously implored.

"Get away from my door, bum, before I call the manager!" And with those last remarks she slammed the door again, this time staying shut. He thought of knocking once more when he spied the eyes of someone watching him through the door ajar across from Laura's apartment. He hurriedly headed for the elevator, his head starting to spin.

In his own apartment, three drinks later, he was still trying to recover from the two unbelievable shocks of the day, that is, being told he looked thirty-one-or-two and, later, being rejected "like a blundering novice" by one of the "hippest girls in New York," whom he was positive would not scruple to let everyone know she had "given him the ax." To save face, if he couldn't come up with a better idea, he would spread the word that Laura was a lesbian, anything. But he couldn't endure thinking anymore about the subject this night. Now he needed a woman, any passable woman, to make him feel his old self again.

He phoned Eve. "You ever call me again, rat, and I'll have my brother come after your scalp!"

Drake felt he was trapped in a nightmare from which he couldn't wake up. "Doll baby, what did I do? You know I think you're the greatest."

"You talk just a little too much in your sleep, darling. I wouldn't dirty myself by repeating what you said about me. Drop dead!"

Drake held a dead receiver to his ear. Frantically, he dialed two other girls, then a third, and a fourth but he could reach nobody at home for it was already after ten. Drake felt as if he had been launched into space against his will, destination unknown. He refilled his glass and looked furtively around the empty apartment. Funny. It had never seemed empty before. He caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror; his blue eyes were veined with red from too little sleep, too much drink and sudden anxiety; his blonde hair seemed to him to be getting grey in spots. God! he did look at least thirty!

Panicky, he whisked his wrinkled coat off the barstool and bolted towards the door. He couldn't remember when he felt so powerful a need to be in a woman's arms. Surely it wasn't too late to pick up some chick, any chick. He never had any trouble before. But, then, neither had anyone ever rejected him or said he looked older than he did. If worse came to worse he'd go to "a house," anything but he wouldn't because he couldn't sleep alone tonight.

Drake McQuize, esquire, was on the hunt again. ■

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MARRIED MEN MAKE THE BEST LOVERS CONTINUED FROM 53

NORM: Do you have any remedy or remedies for this boredom? In other words, presuming that some wives will read this particular interview, and I'm sure many will, are there any recommendations you can make that will enable her, or help her, prevent this boredom from happening?

RUTH: No, I think it's inevitable.

NORM: Is that the same as saying that you think he has to sometime or other have another woman in his life?

RUTH: No, he doesn't have to. He can sublimate the desire, but he's still going to want to.

NORM: Which is tantamount to doing it, isn't it?

RUTH: Yes . . . You see, I don't think that marriage as we know it is a workable institution. We've outgrown the traditional marital form.

NORM: If the married male, as you have defined him, sometime during his marriage needs another woman, or he merely contemplates having one, what about the wife? Does she also sooner or later need an extra-curricular lover?

RUTH: No, I don't think she needs one. As, again, I said earlier, I think the female is more naturally inclined towards monogamy and fidelity. And I believe that most women, brought up in the structures of our Puritan ethic have no need for an outside lover. Sure plenty of wives cheat. But I think their motives are different than their cheating husbands. I believe that a woman who deliberately commits adultery does so not out of the need for sexual adventure. Rather, she's more likely to do so for her need of reaffirming her attractiveness, her femaleness, or for other motives that are less healthy. The goose and gander theory, for example—well, he's doing it and, damn it! so can I . . . There are some women who cheat because they think it's the thing to do. In other words, it's stylish to have a lover, not out of any real deep authentic need. All the girls have one, so I better get one too.

NORM: Putting you once again in an advisory capacity, when and if the wife discovers that the husband has been philandering, do you think she should rush to the divorce court, or be outraged, or in some way punish him through her own artifices? Or do you think she should tolerate his hankypanky on the side? It would seem to me that if what you say is a truism, that is that man is polygamous, by nature, do you think she should accept this and tolerate his philandering?

RUTH: Sure. It just depends on what is more important to her. Is her pride more important than all the benefits she has accrued from the marriage. For heavens sake, all the guy has done is to have followed his natural impulses and urges and gone to bed with another woman. He has done nothing to hurt his wife. He has taken nothing away from her. She still has all the things she had before he had his little fling, and she still has him. She has her home, the children, the husband. Why in the world should she throw all that away simply because this guy, whom she presumably loves, is fulfilling a need? Surely if he were hungry she would prepare a meal for him. She is giving him all that she can. Now if she can't fulfill all of his needs, and obviously she can't if he's out with another woman, then she should graciously say, well, I love this guy, and if he needs a little on the side and he's getting it, that's wonderful.

NORM: Theoretically that sounds quite logical, Ruth. It also sounds quite Utopian. But do you think that the average woman—and I don't know who the average woman is—do you believe she can be devoid of jealousy when she discovers that her husband has turned to another woman for the fulfillment of needs, whatever they may be?

RUTH: No. She can't not be jealous. She's not built that way. Rather, she's not taught that way. She's been taught since she was a little girl that when you get married you only

sleep with your husband and your husband only sleeps with you. Despite the fact that she's aware that all husbands are not monogamous, she's been conditioned to feel that hers nonetheless is. That's why she experiences jealousy. But if she looks upon his philandering sensibly and objectively, she will be able to accept it and not attach too much importance upon it.

NORM: Do you consider jealousy a natural or neurotic quality in women?

RUTH: That depends upon how secure or insecure a woman is.

NORM: Are you saying that a secure woman could brook her husband's scorecard sex outside the marital bed without jealousy?

RUTH: Definitely. If she knows who she is and what she has of value in her marriage, a little sexual thing on the side for him isn't going to pose a threat to her.

NORM: When you were married—I believe you told me you've been married more than once—did either of your husbands engage in extra marital relations?

RUTH: Not that I'm aware of.

NORM: For the sake of argument, if you had discovered one of them carrying on, so to speak, how would you have reacted?

RUTH: Probably with the first one I would have reacted like a nice, normal middle class wife, and blown my cork. I was young. And this was the only man I had ever gone to bed with, and therefore I expected him to be the same way. Before the first and second marriages I enlarged my experiences greatly. By the time I reached the second one I think I probably could have easily accepted my second husband having an affair if I thought he needed it.

NORM: Can you specify what has enlarged your tolerance or acceptance of the promiscuous male?

RUTH: Just simply by recognizing that that's the way men

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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NORM: In looking back, which of you two terminated the relationship, your married lover or you?

RUTH: That's very difficult for me to say, because, almost always, the termination was brought about by circumstances outside our relationship. In other words, one of us would leave town or in some other way make the relationship impossible to continue.

NORM: Did you ever have the feeling, to use a melodramatic term, "Cast aside," or abandoned?

RUTH: Never by a married man. I have had this done to me by single men. I think that married men probably have a little more insight into the sensitivities of a female.

NORM: Would you say that married men are more compassionate in general?

RUTH: Absolutely. And I think that the reason for that is simply that the *need* is on the other foot. A married man needs me more than I need him. Whereas with a single guy, he *thinks* I need him worse than he needs me. Therefore, he thinks he can be a little more callous.

NORM: If you are sincere in the statement that married men make the best lovers, why have you allowed yourself to get enmeshed in relationships with single men?

RUTH: Primarily because of those old weekends and holidays. You always have to have a couple of single ones around because married men are never there on weekends, holidays—and they're never there on your birthday for some reason, even if it comes on a Wednesday. So you find yourself involved with a couple of auxiliaries in the form of bachelors. And sometimes that situation gets out of hand and you find yourself hung up on one of these bachelors. But with caution you can stay away from that pitfall.

NORM: This suggests to me, Ruth, that the 'other woman' from time to time experiences loneliness.

RUTH: She does if she doesn't

make sure she fills the gap.

NORM: You mean, always have an auxiliary lover on hand?

RUTH: Yes.

NORM: Are your auxiliaries aware that that's what they are? I mean, do you tell them that they are spare companions, so to speak?

RUTH: You don't have to tell them because the only time you see them is when it's convenient for you. And if you have a free Saturday night, which you invariably do when you're going with a married man, then you date one of these auxiliaries.

NORM: Sounds like a very complex life for the 'other woman,' Ruth. More complex, at any rate, than the married woman's. You have to keep the trains that you ride, so to speak, from colliding on the same track.

RUTH: That may be, Norm, but it's certainly more interesting than a married woman's life. And I do have more time to devote to this kind of life than a married woman does. I don't have all those other things to cope with that a married woman does.

NORM: Like babies and cooking and that sort of thing?

RUTH: Precisely.

NORM: None of which has ever appealed to you?

RUTH: Never. I've had that, you see. And I've grown past that phase in a woman's life. I mean, I've no longer any need for that kind of a status symbol.

NORM: Would you say, Ruth, that the 'other woman' is a status symbol to the married man?

RUTH: Sometimes. Not always.

NORM: Does not the married man usually look upon the 'other woman' as being a possession, a sort of ornament?

RUTH: No. Only in certain rarified circles. Maybe in the top 2% of the financial populations, where the mistress is set-up in a plush apartment with wall to wall money and so forth, yes, she is a status symbol. But we haven't reached the stage in America yet, where a man isn't established until he has a wife and a mistress. Maybe we're

coming to it, but we haven't gotten there yet. And the average middle-class guy is the one I'm primarily talking about.

NORM: To the best of your knowledge, was your father ever unfaithful to your mother?

RUTH: I don't think so, but I believe he wanted to be. My father was a very virile man. But I don't think he had the guts to go to another woman. In fact, I know he didn't, because we talked about it before he died.

NORM: Did you ever feel or think of being the 'other woman' to your father?

RUTH: I don't think so. My father and I were very close. Oh, sure, when I was a little girl I used to be extremely annoyed for not having married him first. And during the, at least first six years of my life—like every other girl probably does—I always said that when I grow up I'd marry daddy. But that's a perfectly normal thing.

NORM: Were any of your married lovers anything like your father, or, conversely, were any of them radically the opposite to your father, either in appearance or behavior?

RUTH: Some had certain qualities I recognized in my father. Others were nothing like him. If you're asking me if I have a "father hangup," I have to emphatically say "no!" I did feel very close to my father. I admired him very much. I wanted to be like him.

NORM: Do you feel you are like him in any way today?

RUTH: In some ways.

NORM: Are you doing today that which you feel your dad always wanted to do but, quote, "didn't have the guts to?"

RUTH: Yes. Very definitely. Were he alive now, he probably would have chuckled over my book.

NORM: You don't suspect he would be indignant or in some way ashamed?

RUTH: No. My mother, however, is ashamed. I have heard second-hand that she thinks the book is "trash."

NORM: Do you delight or are you embarrassed by the



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There are loaded and soused, bloated and gassed, bombed and blotto, drunk as a skunk or lord as distinguished from sober as a judge, looped, pie-eyed, plastered, polluted, potted, plowed, stinko, carrying a snootful, three sheets to the wind, crocked, shickered, tanked and many others . . . the earthiness and variety of which only go to show how many of us have had the title applied from time to time.

To deny this would be silly. Ever since the first caveman got a glow on by drinking the juice of some fermented fruit, most men at some time or other have followed in his fumbling footsteps.

Perhaps you may think this beginning somewhat shabby, wrong side of the tracks, out of the gutter. Nevertheless, it has put me in the best gentlemen's clubs and guaranteed my presence at the most exclusive functions, even though I still find myself in the gutter with friends of long standing from time to time. But better to have been discovered in humble circumstances than not at all, and if that throwback to the anthropoids hadn't discovered me when he did, who knows, my spirit might still be evaporating into the ether above some marsh, and civilization would be the worst for it. For I have provided joy wherever I've gone.

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So great has been the urge to swill and siphon off the singular substance that swings, even the mighty U.S. Constitution had to give way to the overpowering desire. And although they may not admit it, most men rely on that little extra slug of cheer to see them through this bleak vale of tears. From the

Some bleary eyed views of the singular substance that swings!

occasional cocktail sipper, to grandma and her daily afternoon nipper . . . for medicinal purposes, of course . . . the great multitude indulges.

There's the harried business man, down to his last million shares of GM, finding solace after worrying over his wife's charge accounts and his mistress' latest indiscretions . . . he drinks. There's the young teenager, guzzling a half-pint behind the boys locker room at the Junior Prom, showing his manliness . . . he drinks. Then there's the sailor on liberty, the prostitute on patrol, the playboy in his penthouse, the pimp on the prowl, the matron spiking her mid-afternoon tea at the PTA, and the curly-haired hero seducing his latest on T.V.

The high and low, the mighty and the raunchy, all partake. Why, if it weren't for me the course of history would have been changed.

Do you think Caesar would have crossed the Rubicon or Lindberg flown the Atlantic, without my influence. And conversely, you know Napoleon would have never been so foolhardy as to attack Moscow, if I hadn't subtly persuaded him. Yes, despite what

some misguided, misinformed people say about me, poor wretches, I have performed great services and acts of charity for mankind, and their fanatical demonstrations against my existence fill me with remorse. Ded enough it is that I am forced to go about in disguise, forced to wear dull, brown wrapping paper in some places, rather than the colorful, elegant costumes which were designed and tailored expressly for me, but when through the edict of nine old men I am bodily evicted from the sophisticated environs of the cocktail lounge and consigned to that crude receptacle . . . ugh! . . . the bathtub, that is going too far. I will not be linked with unsavory characters.

So next time you see a big-time drinker crowing about his ability to belt them down, remember, take it with a grain of salt, or better still, add a slice of lemon like they do with tequila down Mexico way. For it isn't the drinker who calls the tune, but rather the drink, and after centuries, Old Man Booze, like Johnny Walker, is still going strong. ■



prospect of shocking the friends and relatives you grew up with because of the book?

RUTH: I don't much care, Norm.

NORM: Do you find that men and women, but particularly men, look at you differently today since the publication of your book?

RUTH: A little. You get a lot of cracks, and so forth.

NORM: Do you find that the men are a little more aggressive towards you today because of the book than they were?

RUTH: On the contrary, they're a little more scared.

NORM: Why?

RUTH: Because suddenly they start wondering if they're good enough for me. They figure that I'm the most experienced chick in the world, and they wonder if they can come up to my needs and expectations. So I definitely get the feeling in a lot of guys that they'd like to put the make on me but they don't dare risk it.

NORM: Have you discussed the book with any of your lovers, former or present?

RUTH: Before publication I had a pretty good little black-mail deal going for me. I started calling my lovers and asked them one by one what they'd give me if I didn't dedicate the book to them.

NORM: Many social critics, among them Gerald Heard, have opined that marriage as it has always existed in the West—with its emphasis on possessiveness, and strict sexual fidelity between mates—is undergoing a radical change. So much so, in fact, that by the time we enter into the mid-seventies, marriage will have the barest semblance with what we today associate with that convention. Do you agree?

RUTH: Absolutely. I don't think that marriage as it was originally constructed has any place in our society today. Originally the institution of marriage was the outgrowth of a sociological need—mainly a financial need. You had the original family unit which produced a product and traded with the

family down the road who produced another product. Each member of this original family model had his or her specific role, and this was a productive unit—a necessary unit for survival. This is no longer the case today. You now have women who have as much education, as much opportunity, as much desire for identity and career as men do. Women, in short, no longer need marriage to fulfill themselves or to achieve financial security, they can do it on their own. Men, for the same reasons, do not need marriage. Nor do children necessarily have to be raised in a home situation, as Aristotle long ago realized. In fact, I think that children that are raised in a communal atmosphere, such as they have in Scandinavian countries, for example, are far more healthy than kids in our society who are raised in an atmosphere of divorce, guilt, sexual frustration and 'mama's better than daddy' sort of thing. The whole institution of marriage in its present hypocritical form no longer has any meaning. Don't misunderstand me. I think that the need for sharing is a strong drive in everyone, and it's probably instinctual. But it can be handled, the sharing-need, I mean, on a more temporary and freer basis than we have expected from marriage. Obviously, this business that marriage is forever, is spurious. It's not. If it were we wouldn't have one out of four ending in divorce, and that figure is increasing.

NORM: Is it possible that the very fact that two people are asked to make a lifetime commitment in marriage sets into motion the very tensions that can and often do undermine the carrying out of that commitment? When you put binding obligations on a person, in or out of marriage, don't you also challenge him or her to rebel against those obligations?

RUTH: More important than that, Norm, nobody takes into consideration, especially the very young who entertain marrying, the fact that people change

over the years, and that no two people grow at the same pace. The ones who get married at twenty-one or thereabouts are very likely to be quite different at thirty, discovering too late, or just in time, that they really have precious little in common to hold them together besides sex, and maybe not even that anymore. Young marriages are invariable disastrous.

NORM: Do you think a marriage is more likely to work if the individuals involved are individuals in the first place? In other words, before marrying they take the time to spend a number of hard, fearless years as singles building a solid sense of identity. Or, put another way, they first take the trouble to discover as much about themselves as they can before committing themselves to another self.

RUTH: Who the hell can argue with that, Norm?

NORM: What are your views on wife swapping?

RUTH: As far as motivations are concerned, I think it's merely an extension of the so-called Sexual Revolution. Husbands are trying to find a middle ground between adultery and guilt, and so they involve their wives in their promiscuous leanings. I don't have anything against wife swapping, per se—except that if it becomes a national phenomenon it immediately puts the 'other woman'—me—out of business! As for whether it is healthy or unhealthy, that remains to be seen.

SUMMATION

Sheba, Ruth's German Shepherd and obviously a queen accustomed to being obeyed, wanted her paripatetic midnight 'thing' along the beach and the scotch was gone, along with the questions. Clearly the interview was over, but the impressions I took away from Ruth as we exchange yawns and show-biz type pecks are not; they linger.

Attractive, cerebral, enormously vital and comfortably earthy and shock-proof—quick to wisecrack and, I suspect, just as quick to cry—Ruth Dickson

gives the impression of knowing exactly where she's going, of being positive about her identity, and a gal who is always in charge of any situation. Men are to be enjoyed but never—any more—hooked up with on a close quartered, long term basis. Why? Because they can hurt like hell and trim a free-moving, self-motivating chick's sails.

Finally, married men may make the best lovers—and I suspect they do. After all I've been one thrice myself—but they also make the best bastards. Ask any 'other woman' who has made the mistake of getting kungup on one. What do you say, Ruth?

to Dr. Greenwald, there are men who will pay extra for the opportunity of watching their friends have intercourse with women. Others will request that one girl watch while they copulate with another.

Even more bizarre are those who need to degrade a girl before they can enjoy her, as has already been discussed in chapter six. Finally, there are those men who, fearing that their sons or nephews are too namby-pamby or have a streak of homosexuality in them, take these young men to a prostitute to break them in. This is a throwback to the primitive initiation rites of the ancients and sometimes ends disastrously

in a traumatic experience for the youth. In that case, the call girl will usually praise the performance of the young neophyte to his elders, rather than embarrass him. But here again, there must be something wrong in a society which, on the one hand regards sex with strict tabus and on the other would think it a good idea to insure that a shy, sensitive, impressionable young man's first experience with sex would come at the hands of a prostitute.

The call girl emphasizes her purely commercial interest in her client. Certainly, she is, or seems to be concerned about his welfare, but that is only a dodge. She knows it and he knows it, and this is made clear when money changes hands for services rendered. Thus, the call girl says that there is no harm in what she does, but actually good. She provides a sexual and psychological lift that the man might look for elsewhere, outside of marriage, but without the risk or consequences which an affair with another woman, a non-professional might entail.

Furthermore, the call girl advises that she gives her customers that which they are afraid to ask their wives for. She deals in that part of erotica which although they are ashamed to admit they want at home, they will readily ask for from call girls. In effect, the call girl says, she acts as a safety valve to relieve the pent up pressures of fantasy and stifled emotion, before they burst asunder upon an unknowing wife and family.

This may be true, and that is one reason why call girls wish, or say they wish to see prostitution legalized. The other reason is that obvious one, they wish to escape legal retribution and the stigma of always having to conduct their business in the shadows. In addition, the call girl will frequently state that she enjoys what she does and does not see why it should be against the law.

As for this latter claim the incidence of heroin addiction and the numerous attempts at taking their own lives, should give the lie to this statement. But what about the legalization of prostitu-

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"Mac—you think the artist is trying to tell us something?"

pad

THE MAGAZINE THAT SWINGS



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THE CALL GIRL

CONTINUED FROM 68

tion to legitimize all the services the call girl claims she performs?

In the first place, legalized prostitution that would enable men, and women, to gratify themselves at the expense of another human being's degradation, would seem to be contradictory to the basic principles of mankind, insofar as the worth and dignity of the individual are concerned. How could a society allow some of its citizens to vent their most bizarre and mentally warped emotional nightmares on the physical persons of others? Could we, in all good conscience, legalize that?

The answer, one I am sure is shared by all right thinking individuals, must be no. For legalized degradation of one human being at the hands of another, only brings more of the same. Another civilized Western power tried to do just this, France, prior to World War I. The experiment failed, as it must when the terrible consequences are faced up to and admitted.

Then what do we do? Do we merely condemn, hound and persecute the call girl, harrying her as if she were some despicable and depraved monster, or do we attempt to help her?

The answer, I am certain, lies in the awakening of public minded citizens to the fact that the call girl is not some freak, some creature, alien to the rest of us. If she inhabits a world of her own, it is because people like us have exiled her there. Sociologists are just beginning to study the call girl phenomenon, including it within that wider range of studies on delinquents. For, in the final analysis, call girls are really little more than the products of unchecked juvenile delinquency which feeds on neglect, apathy and lack of parental supervision. The aura they move about in may seem glamorous to those who view its surface, still it is a sordid glamour, born of a desperate need to secure identity, and as such it represents the anonymity all of us feel, at one time or another. But where most of us only suffer the feeling periodically, the call girl must live with it every day of her life. ■

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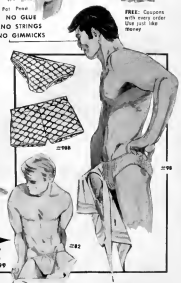
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S



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